

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON
(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—Simultaneously, Chancellor Hitler and Mme. Elsa Schiaparelli renounce gold and extol the fruits of the spirit. Preparing to return to France.

Schiaparelli Says to France soon, the famous dress-maker finds that Americans are too much given to money-grubbing to appreciate the beautiful art of couture. "The Paris designer is free," she says, but here in America "in creating a costume you must think about cost." So she's going back to Paris where art is unfettered and nobody worries about money.

Molyneux fled, to make gowns in London, but Lucienne Lelong, the new Judge Landis of the French fashion industry, remains in the service of art—not money of course. The latter implication might suggest that Paris as a continuing world style center is somehow geared into Chancellor Hitler's jug-handled economy, and that, of course is a rather gauche idea. In Herr Hitler's new order, it's art for art's sake.

Soon after the occupation of Paris, Mme. Schiaparelli arrived here to begin a national lecture tour. We seemed to be suffering from much misapprehension about France. It was business as usual in Paris, and anyone who fancied that New York might become the world style center had another thought coming. However, she reserved her apostrophe of art against money for the last.

Addressing the Junior League of Los Angeles recently, she said: "All of us in Paris are impressed by the generosity of American men regarding their women. American men have a world-wide reputation for the money they spend on women. 'I say bravo to you! Go right ahead.'"

I had an idea that the French felt that way a few years ago when I was privileged to see some of the inner workings of Lanvin's establishment in Paris, to talk to the vendeuses and witness the deference to a Texas oil magnate, when he came in to help his wife choose a gown.

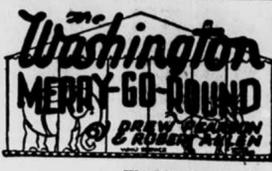
Mme. Schiaparelli lived five years in New York. Her daughter, Marisa, was born in her Ninth street house in Greenwich Village. That was before the days of her fame and opulence, and she thought about money a great deal in those days.

Taking an unheated flat in Patchin place, a dingy little sub-bun of a street off Jefferson Market court, she found a \$20 bill on the floor. It was a good omen. Other money came and she returned to a garret in Paris, to write poetry. A sweater design brought her into her career. For one who scorns money she is a masterful and diligent business woman, her huge establishment turning out around 10,000 garments a year at prices up to \$5,000. Of a distinguished Italian family of astronomers and scholars, she has been described by Edna Le Fèvre as "a woman nobody can know, absorbed with books on metaphysics, aesthetics and philosophy."

ELMAN B. MYERS, inventor of the new "jet expulsion" motor which is expected vastly to increase the range, speed and fighting effectiveness of "Genius at Need" planes, is a Self-Starter was a Newburgh, N. Y., And Finisher, too who just happened to be a self-starter and finisher. Without benefit of any academic seminars, he became a hay-loft radio inventor. This, incidentally, was in the Bronx where there weren't any haylofts; but make it a cellar and the result is the same.

After 32 years he appears with his critically important invention. He got a job with a wireless station in Sacramento, and was soon throwing his voice farther than anybody else in those parts. He later worked with Lee De Forrest and by 1932 had brought through a "cold light" radio tube. He started work on his jet expulsion or "rocket" motor four years ago. Engineers say it may increase the speed of fighting planes by 200 miles an hour.

IT WAS not until they began work in strengthening the roofs of the Capitol at Washington that most Americans were aware that an architect was regularly attached to a structure of which George Washington first laid the cornerstone in 1793. He is David Lynn of Hyattsville, Md. Lynn in 23 years of service had ample opportunity of learning all the ins and outs of the famous building. He served 10 years as civil engineer of the Capitol and in 1927 became architectural supervi-



Washington, D. C.

BIBLICAL DESTROYERS

There were two reasons for that grin on the face of North Dakota's Gov. John Moses when he left the White House the other day. One was an assurance that the President would personally investigate why North Dakota has not received any of the new defense plants. Moses argued that his state was so far inland that it was ideal for defense industries. Roosevelt promised to look into the matter immediately.

The other reason was an anecdote the President told Moses "about a famous namesake of yours." It happened when Roosevelt was assistant secretary of the navy in the Wilson administration.

He was asked to select from a list of American naval heroes, the name of a new destroyer. He picked "Isaiah," in honor of a U. S. captain who distinguished himself in the war against the Barbary Coast pirates in 1815.

Some time later, Roosevelt was asked to approve the personnel of this destroyer. And while looking over the list of personnel, another aide entered with another personnel list for a destroyer named "Moses."

"This coincidence struck me as very funny," Roosevelt related, "and I leaned back and laughed. The young naval officer looked perturbed and inquired, 'Aren't those the right crews for those ships—Moses and Israel?' And then I laughed some more, because heading the lists of officers were the names of Murphy and O'Reilly."

Note—Moses, a Democrat from a rock-ribbed G. O. P. state, is the tallest governor in the country—6 feet 4 inches.

ALBANIAN MOUNTAINEERS HELP GREEKS

(Editor's Note—The Washington Merry-Go-Round's famous Brass Ring this week is awarded to the unsung allies of the Greek army, the peasants and mountaineers of Albania.)

Much tribute has been paid to the gallant Greek army and royal air force for winning one of this war's most crucial battles, in that wildest and most remote corner of Europe—Albania.

But little has been written about the Albanian peasants and mountaineers who have provided the Greeks with the most amazing intelligence service of this war, so accurate that the Greeks have known down to the last detail just how many Italians were located behind each hill, where their guns were placed, and the exact nature of their fortifications.

An army without eyes is helpless. And the Albanians, who have never forgotten the manner in which Mussolini drove their queen and her dynasty out of the country two years ago, have contributed materially to the surprising succession of Greek victories.

STATE DEPARTMENT WIDOWS

There was not much Christmas joy this year in the homes of 124 "blitzkrieg widows" of the American diplomatic service. Their husbands diplomats are still on the job, but the wives are prevented by official regulations from joining them.

From Warsaw, from Berlin, from Copenhagen, from Oslo, from Brussels, from the Hague, following the spread of the war, these "blitzkrieg widows" came trekking home—on government order—with children by the hand.

A few capitals, such as Moscow and Helsinki, have now permitted wives to rejoin their husbands, but meanwhile, a new warning has gone out affecting citizens in the Far East, and the ranks of the widows are swelling still further.

This separation is much more than a sentimental problem. It creates a strain on the budget of each family, for they are obliged to maintain two establishments, and the salaries of the foreign service are not gauged to meet living costs in this country.

The state department has had so much grief from the "widows" that a move is being considered to lift the ban and allow them to return to their husbands' posts.

CAPITAL CHAFF

The state department is getting a heavy volume of mail from all parts of the country urging strong U. S. assistance to Greece.

Josephus Daniels, ambassador to Mexico, is the only ambassador appointed by Roosevelt in 1933 who still remains at the same post.

Experts of the house migrant investigating committee estimate that at least 4,000,000 job-hunters are constantly on the move in the country. Some American women have switched to cotton stockings as a protest against Japan, yet in the first nine months of this year, the United States imported \$66,000,000 worth of silk from Japan.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Two former editors of the "America News," daily paper of the 1918 U. S. army of occupation at Coblenz, Germany, are now on active duty at the war department. They are Col. Fred J. Mueller and Lieut.-Col. B. F. McMahon, both assigned to the public relations staff.



Los Angeles.

Francis Ouimet and Eddie Lowery crossed again at the Bel-Air course of Beverly Hills.

Who is Eddie Lowery? He is now a successful San Francisco business man and a good golfer in his own right. But nearly 28 years ago Eddie Lowery was the 10-year-old caddie who worked for Francis Ouimet in the famous Vardon-Ray play for the U. S. Open at Brookline in 1915.

Ouimet's finishing rush and his play in the play-off is now one of the main dramatic spots of all golf, no matter how many centuries you may look back. But Eddie Lowery's part in that championship also has an interesting side which in the main has never been known.

Lowery's Story

"I was only 10 years old at the time," Eddie said, with Ouimet listening, "when my older brother and I used to caddie for Francis. We both played hockey the first day of the tournament. My brother caddied for Francis while I followed Vardon and Ray. That night our mother said we both had to be at school next day. My brother went back to school, but I played hockey again and carried Ouimet's bag. I had to keep an eye on Ouimet's ball—and also on the lookout for truant officers, who were pretty keen."

"I'll never forget the last three holes of the last round," Eddie continued. "Francis had to play these in 10 strokes, one under par, to get a tie with Vardon and Ray, who had already finished. On the short sixteenth Francis had a 20-foot putt for a two. This seemed a good chance to go for that birdie. But he was too bold, and the first putt ran eight feet by the cup. But he holed that one for his three. On the seventeenth he holed another 15 or 20-footer for the needed birdie and then through pouring rain got his par four on the last hole which resulted in the now famous triple tie."

What Happened Later

"You can imagine how tremendous was the excitement," Lowery said. "Few thought the 20-year-old kid with the 10-year-old caddie had even an outside chance against two famous British golfers who had played in so many British Opens. A good many of Ouimet's friends thought I was too young and too small to caddie in an event so important. They insisted on some older caddie, but Francis held out for me."

"I'll pick the story here for a moment," Ouimet cut in. "Next morning, a short while before the match, Eddie came and got my bag. 'You won't want to hit any practice shots, will you?' he asked, knowing that I seldom did. I said, 'No.' Eddie then said, 'I'll see you in about half an hour. 'Where are you going?' I asked. 'We start in a few minutes.' 'I'll tell you later,' Eddie answered as he hustled away. As we were all three ready to drive off I looked around again and there was Eddie."

"Where have you been?' I asked him. " 'I didn't want to bother you,' he whispered, 'but I've been hiding in that barn. There's a truant officer after me to take me back to school so I had to keep out of the sight. And listen,' he said, 'you're going to beat these two guys sure. You just keep your eye on the ball and I'll take care of everything else.'"

Lowery Speaking

"As I recall it," Eddie said, "the three were all even as they passed the turn. I could see a worried look on the faces of both Vardon and Ray. They had expected the inexperienced 20-year-old kid to crack wide open. But here he was cooler than ever. He didn't watch their drives. He just kept playing his own game. Then on the tenth hole both Vardon and Ray took three putts and Ouimet was out in front."

"They all played fine golf the next few holes, and then big Ted Ray was the first to break up. This left the battle between Francis and the great Harry. And it was Vardon who finally couldn't stand the strain and the fast pace any longer as he, too, cracked and Francis with a birdie picked up two more strokes. The killing thrust."

"Francis was still as cool and as unruffled as if he had been playing a dime Nassau with two old pals. It was still raining and the course was wet and soggy, but Ouimet's drives continued to find the middle. His iron play was perfect and his putter was smoking hot. The two veterans couldn't stand up against that finishing 34 under such conditions, especially when they had looked for a certain runaway."

"That must have been a big thrill," I said to Lowery. "It was a big thrill I've never forgotten, and never will," Eddie said.

Kathleen Norris Says: A Country Wife and the New Year



I announced the new order: our home was going to be a little oasis of perfection in a world gone mad, and it seemed miraculous to me that the transformation in their own attitudes as well as mine could so quickly be effected. The change was most noticeable in my husband, he became what he used to be—interested, eager, a changed human being.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

HERE is very little that we women can do for the great agonized world, this strange shadowed New Year of 1941.

We long to be of use. We long to stop war, to heal wounds, to feed the hungry, to somehow get over there to Europe and bang a few heads together and persuade all the deluded leaders everywhere to act for lasting peace.

We long to write the song, the essay that shall reach all men's hearts. We long to adopt—not one French or English child, but twenty. We feel we might organize great dormitories, enormous refectories. "Can't we do anything!" wail the women, from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, from St. Augustine to Mexico.

WE ARE doing something, we women. We have put ourselves on record this year, and in all the years to come our influence toward peace and away from brainless and purposeless warfare will make itself increasingly felt. We can go on working along these lines, through clubs and parent-teacher organizations and church societies. And meanwhile, while our leaders are making America safer on both great ocean boundaries, we can make America safer by sanity at home. Avoid all this war hysteria and the ridiculous defeatist attitude many people have. It is just as important for us to have confidence and faith in our country as it is to have a strong defense. And the home is the place to build this confidence.

Puts Own Home in Order.

A country wife wrote me a letter on this subject, and I quote it almost word for word. "Last New Year," she writes, "I was so anxious and upset about the European war that I thought I would lose my mind. I'm a small town woman, we have a fruit farm about three miles from a city of 12,000. I've never traveled; never been to Chicago or New York; my life has been teaching, nursing a sick mother, a happy marriage, the bearing and rearing of three daughters and a son. The boy, my eldest, is now 18.

"Restless and distressed because I couldn't seem to do anything for the misery of the world, I determined last Christmas to get my own house in order. On New Year's day I announced the new order; promptly at meals, orderliness in bedrooms, no complaints or quarrels in the general group, and one evening a week for hospitality and home entertainment. I stopped fretting myself, alluded to the war only in the most hopeful terms, and offered weekly prizes to the child who brought home the most encouraging or enlightening bit of information, or found the best historic parallel to our own times. I told the children that our home was going to be a little oasis of perfection in a world gone mad, and it seemed miraculous to me that the transformation in their own attitudes as well as mine could so quickly be effected."

Whole Family Reacts to Change.

"The change was most noticeable in my husband. He had been getting old too fast, coming in exhausted and silent at night, listening in quiet depression to the youngsters' half-baked talk of war, communism, revolution. But when we all went turned to find my Eleven struggling with the national anthem at the piano, my Fifteen eagerly reassuring me as to America's outlook on the basis of Napoleonic triumphs and my Thirteen ready with a cup of



By VIRGINIA VALE

LUCILLE BALL cut a three-storied wedding cake for her friends and tossed her bouquet to the ladies who attended the reception she and Desn Arnaz gave before departing for Hollywood and more work at the RKO Radio studios.

It wasn't exactly a wedding bouquet, since the reception was what might be called delayed. Their elopement startled practically everybody; the general opinion had been that their romance was one of those things that are cooked up for the sake of sweet publicity. It's reported that even the studio was surprised. You can see the honeymooning couple in "Too Many Girls."

These publicity stunts—"angles" is the name for them—are the bane of a press agent's life. For example, if a movie star is arriving in New York it's up to her press agent to think up something that will sound reasonable enough to land the story of her coming, with photographs, on the front pages of the newspapers. Sometimes the stories are true, of course—but it's usually the synthetic ones that get the most space.

When Linda Darnell arrived in New York recently she got a fine press reception. She announced to reporters that she was allergic to rabbits, cats, tobacco, horses, feathers and baking powder—she rides a horse in her latest picture, "Chad Hanna," so that got the name of the picture into the story too. Well, Linda's a beautiful girl, and maybe she really is allergic to cats, horses, baking powder, etc.

ANDY HARDY has reached the age where he has a private secretary; in the new Hardy picture, Mickey Rooney graduates from high school and the secretary enters his life.

In this picture Kathryn Grayson, a 16-year-old singer, makes her film debut. James Roosevelt's "Pot o' Gold" finally went before the cameras the other day, after seven delays. First the director, George Marshall, was ill; then, when James Stewart could work, Paulette Goddard couldn't. Finally Roosevelt himself was called up by the national defense emergency. Even now, when the picture is doing retakes at another studio, and they have to shoot around him.

Out of the Red.

"I accompanied this reconstruction with several homely domestic reforms. By the slow paying of bills we got out of debt. By the study of government charts and booklets, I learned how to feed my family thriftily and wholesomely. Headaches and biliousness and indigestion are no more necessary than a dirty face and hands; diet and exercise worked a general miracle. "And all this," ends this most inspiring letter, which is like a tonic to me, "arose from your New Year's editorial, which began and ended with a reminder to us all that any life is lived on wings, if it is lived on prayer. You said not to worry about details, but to do the thing nearest at hand and trust God for guidance on the next. And that is exactly what I did. I couldn't go overseas and be heroic, so I applied my general plans for welfare to my own home. And now it's in order, and if a stray English child or an additional war expense of any kind comes my way, I'm ready for it."

A Worthy Program.

There are thousands of homes in America that need spiritual and mental and actual renovating in this New Year. They need more consideration from Dad; more patience with the boys. They need more conscientiousness from Mother, less reckless spending, more care for the budget. They need politeness from children; thought of what that constant request for dimes and quarters means to Dad. They need cleaner kitchens, hotter, more sensible meals, comfortable chairs, well-placed lights. They need more laughter, more friendly talk, more general interest, more games. They need less complaining, less self-absorption, less saying of the stupid and unfriendly things that are sure to hurt and to cause trouble. They need a resolute campaign against fear, and a constant steady holding to the truth that anticipated dangers and troubles rarely materialize, and that if annoyances, losses, griefs do come, they bring with them the strength to bear them.

ODDS AND ENDS—The nation's hand-some ice man is working as a ship's officer in Paramount's "New York Town," along with Mary Martin, Fred McMurray, Bob Preston and Lynne Overman. Ted Barnick won that title in a national contest, and a role in a picture was part of his victory.

Lestie Howard has written friends that he's in England to stay—maybe not for the duration of the war, but long enough so that he can't accept commitments here. Every auto horn in America plays the first three bars of Fred Warington's new theme song—they're all the same note. Twentieth Century-Fox has signed Diana Barrymore, John's daughter—so she and he will be working at the same studio.

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